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## OWAIN GWYNEDD\*.

*Owen's praise demands my song.*—GRAY.

FROM Coed Eulo's bloody ground,  
Heralded by trumpet sound,  
And the hollow roll of drum,  
Breathing death, the Normans come ;  
Reckless that their boasted blood  
Soon shall be the raven's food ;  
Fiery Henry at their head,  
Raging for his vassals dead.  
Was the bittern's cry too harsh  
From her bed in Saltney-Marsh ?  
Haughty monarch, did it tell  
Their death who at Hawarden † fell ?  
Did it prophecy his doom,  
That thou seek'st him, man of gloom !  
Him, who doth thy pride alarm,  
Owain of the mighty arm ?

On they rush, in Cownsyllt's strait  
Silent Cambria's warriors wait,  
Fill its dark defile within ;  
Then was heard the horrid din :—  
Wrathful shouts and painful cries  
From their ambuscade arise,  
As, like madd'ning wolves, they go  
Headlong on the wond'ring foe ;  
So come forth the eagle's brood  
From their barren solitude,  
And, with force and sudden shock,  
Goad the hunter on the rock.  
So the wild wolf, in his lair,  
With his howl affrights the air,  
Rushing forth, in hot career,  
Heedless on the barbed spear.

\* See volume i. of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 231, for a brief notice of the events, upon which these lines are founded. They occurred in the twelfth century, and have before formed the theme of the muse both in England and Wales.—ED.

† This word is now pronounced "Harden," but the pronunciation, here adopted, is perhaps more poetical.—ED.

Stones and arrows fly around,  
Dying warriors bite the ground ;  
Wrested from their rugged bed,  
Broken rocks around are spread ;  
All, that hate can grasp in wrath,  
Checks the Norman in his path.

Nought avail'd proud Henry then  
His armed steed, and mail-clad men,  
'Gainst the naked-bosom'd few,  
To their king and country true,—  
Men, for valour known afar,  
Unsubdued, till now, in war ;  
Pent within the narrow strait,  
'Cumber'd by their iron weight,  
Hesitating how to meet  
Their foes, unknowing to retreat,  
Or resist, they fall beneath  
The thirsty steel that asks their death ;—  
Vain is now the strength and speed  
Of the Saracenic steed,  
Reckless of the spur and rein,  
He gnaws the bloody earth in pain.

Wav'ring the tide of combat flows,  
With Cambria now, now with her foes.  
Proud De Courcy's bubbling blood  
Is curdling on the underwood ;  
And the soul of stout St. John  
To the realms of air has gone :  
Low has sunk the battle cry  
Of Montford, and Montgomery :  
Haughty Pulford's sable shield  
Shiver'd lies upon the field ;  
And his cross, so white before,  
Reddens with its owner's gore.  
But the blade of Vernon yet  
Gleams, with gore of Cambria wet.  
Fiery Dutton, on his knee,  
Still maintains it gallantly :

And the cry of battle swells  
Of Humfreville and Venables ;  
Though their great and haughty one,  
Henry, from the fight has gone.  
Thanks unto the noble beast  
That bore thee, King, thou ow'st, at least.

Like the vermin, from the wood  
Scar'd by fire, the Norman brood,  
In confusion, seek the plain ;  
Terror holds awhile her reign :  
Hark ! the hollow trumpet's bray  
Speaks, at once, their wild dismay,  
And the fortune of the day,  
Heralding the victor ;—now  
Proudly tow'rs the Cambrian's brow,  
Brightly flashes Owain's eye  
As he sees the boasters fly.  
See the hand of Essex' earl,  
Feeble as a pining girl,  
Drop to earth the standard there—  
Hark ! the cry that rings through air !  
Hark ! the thrilling voice of dread  
From the foe,—the King is dead !  
Like a fire, from man to man,  
Swift the sound of terror ran ;  
Proud above his native bands,  
Like the vulture, Owain stands,  
Darkly watching o'er his prey,  
Where to pierce their thick array ;  
Joyful he beholds the foe  
Scattering on the plain below,  
Down upon them from the steep  
Fierce they rush, with furious sweep.  
As the lightly waving corn  
Rudely on the field is borne  
By the blast that lately slept,  
So the foe from earth were swept,  
'Till the dark'ning cloud of night  
Spread o'er heav'n, then ceas'd the fight.

*August 31st, 1821.*

S. R. JACKSON.